

EXTENSIONS OF REMARKS

THE HOOVER INSTITUTION

HON. ROBERT H. MICHEL

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 13, 1988

Mr. MICHEL. Mr. Speaker, a great American hero, my fellow Illinoisian, Vice Adm. James Bond Stockdale, recently published one of his major speeches, "Learning Goodness." I intend to insert that speech into the RECORD because, like all of Jim Stockdale's work, it reminds us of the fact that such words as "spiritual" and "character" and "inner strength" have a profound meaning when a human being finds himself confronted by barbarity and torture. Jim Stockdale's ability to withstand the torments inflicted upon him by the vicious Vietnamese Communists—none of whom, to my knowledge, has ever been tried by their own government for human rights abuses—came from sources of strength that many of us in comfortable, complacent, affluent Western civilization have long forgotten.

I mention this fact because Jim Stockdale is currently a Senior Research Fellow at the Hoover Institution. That distinguished and internationally known institution is currently under attack from some members of the faculty of Stanford University, with which the institution has a "semi-independent" status. At the same time, Stanford University itself has been in the midst of controversy concerning the teaching of the classic books of Western civilization.

I do not want to get into these admittedly difficult and complex arguments. But I do want to say that the independence and the continual growth and progress of the Hoover Institution, under the leadership of W. Glen Campbell, seems to me to be a very important part of a new American commitment to quality in all levels of scholarship and education. The Hoover Institution is unique, not only in the Nation, but in the world, for its variety of thinkers, its commitment to excellence, its ability to attract scholars who are not rigid ideologues, but true scholars, dedicated to freedom of investigation, freedom of thought and freedom of speech.

I join with all of those who want to keep the Hoover Institution a strong, independent and excellent source of scholarship, a place where a great American hero like Jim Stockdale can come and have the time to think and write and tell the world of the very real connection between the formation of character through the best of the Western intellectual and spiritual traditions and the ability of individual human beings—and nations, and, yes, civilizations—to survive.

At this point I wish to insert into the RECORD the article entitled "Learning Goodness," by Vice Adm. James Bond Stockdale, published in *Chronicles*, July 1988.

LEARNING GOODNESS—WHY WESTERN CIV IS THE BEST REFUGE IN ADVERSITY
(By James Bond Stockdale*)

"It is ironic that the thoughts of this essay, extracted from a commencement address I gave at Claremont McKenna College in the spring of 1987, celebrate an old Stanford University tradition of submerging all students in the classical thought of the West as a precondition to graduation, no matter what their major. This spring of 1988, the Stanford University administration threw that all out the window and knuckled under to campus political pressure to permit students to ignore the writings and thoughts of those ancient "white European males." This came as no surprise to me. A full course concentrating on such thoughts, which I had taught on request, separate from my duties as a Hoover Institution Fellow and free of charge, was mysteriously removed from the catalog over two years ago. Ideas of the sort you read below do not fit on this campus any more. I guess that's what comes of leaving curriculum design to those who have known little but the easy life."—James Stockdale

The best education, the best preparation for a full and successful life surely entails a proper blend of classical and contemporary studies. While we pursue the keys to the kingdom of modernity—studies in political science and economics and high technology—we need to understand the importance of a broad background in the readings of antiquity, those readings that form the basis of our civilization. In times of duress, in war especially, is that classical background important.

Achieving that magical combination of ancient and modern grounding took me half a lifetime to improvise. I grew up as a veritable prince of modernity, as a young man I was a test pilot, flying supersonic fighters when they were headline news and sharing a schoolroom with future astronauts. Then, at 37, too late for graduate school in high tech, a turn in my life took me to the quite different atmosphere of the study of moral philosophy. But that I mean old-fashioned philosophy—Socrates, Hume, Mill—mixed with literature with moral overtones—Shakespeare, Dostoyevski, Camus, and the like. I was deeply exposed to the thoughts and actions of men of the ancient past, of mankind dealing with Ultimate Questions.

In the course of my study of moral philosophy I have been privileged to have had wonderful mentors. One was Phil Rhineland at Stanford. He introduced me to the great stoic tract by Epictetus, "The Enchiridion," and explained that Frederick the Great never left on a campaign without

having a copy in his knapsack. Three years later I was slapped in a political prison for four years of solitary confinement—in the very world of Epictetus. Another mentor was Joe Brennan of Columbia. He came to the Naval War College when I was its president to help me introduce moral philosophy there. For 10 years he has taught a course in "Foundations of Moral Obligations." He has taught a generation of Navy and Marine Corps leaders, and they are better leaders for having taken his course. Those two mentors, despite their differences, had a great deal in common; each had one foot in modernity, one in antiquity. They gave me much. They led me to a treasure of striking insights such as this one by Mark Van Doren: "Being an educated person means that given the necessity [after doomsday, so to speak], you could refund your own civilization."

The Stoics said that "Character is fate." What I am saying is that in my life, education has been fate. I became what I learned, or maybe I should say I became the distillation of what fascinated me most as I learned it. Only three years after I left graduate school, I participated in the refounding of my own civilization after doomsday, when the giant doors of an Old World dungeon had slammed shut and locked me and a couple hundred other Americans in—in total silence in solitary confinement, in leg irons, in blindfolds for weeks at a time, in antiquity, in a political prison.

That refounded civilization because our salvation. Stripped to nothing, nothing but the instincts and intelligence of the ancients, we improvised a communication system dredged up from inklings of a distant past (actually the tap code of Polybius, a second-century Greek historian with a flair for cryptography), and lived on comradeship in a policy that would have been a credit to Polybius' Athens. The spiritual power (not necessarily religious) that seeped into us as we surreptitiously joined forces against our common enemy came as a surprise.

In my solitude the impact of this unexpected spiritual power sometimes caused me to wonder. Does modernity (post-Enlightenment life under big governments and big bureaucracies, constantly competing to remake the world in the image of the new) deaden our noblest impulses? Does it smother or atrophy the power of the human spirit, the power of human nature? Do the readings of ancient times, the classics, serve merely to give us insight into the events of the past? Or do not the texts of those self-contained cultures of antiquity portray human power in all its vibrant potential? Do they not contain evidence of a more imaginative and fundamental grasp of the essence of being human than can be found even in 20th-century texts that have since joined the classics on the humanities shelves?

In Homer's immortal epic, "The Iliad," as Hector is about to leave the gates of Troy to fight Achilles—knowing, as he must have known, that he would lose and he would die—he says goodbye to his wife and baby son at the gates, and the baby starts to cry, frightened by the nodding of the plumes on

*Vice Admiral James Bond Stockdale served for 34 years as a Navy officer, most of them at sea as a fighter pilot aboard aircraft carriers. Shot down over North Vietnam in 1965 during his second combat tour, he was the senior Navy prisoner of war in Hanoi for eight years—tortured 15 times, in leg irons for two years, and in solitary confinement for four. He is a former president of the Naval War College, currently a Senior Research Fellow at The Hoover Institution, and widely published. Among his combat decorations in the Medal of Honor. This article originally appeared in *Parameters*.

● This "bullet" symbol identifies statements or insertions which are not spoken by a Member of the Senate on the floor.

Matter set in this typeface indicates words inserted or appended, rather than spoken, by a Member of the House on the floor.

his father's shining helmet. Some would think the tale of the Greek-Trojan War to be an irrelevant relic of bygone days. Some would think it should be stricken from the reading list because it glamorizes war. Some would think that now at last, with reason to guide us, we can scoff at a warrior's suicidal obligations. But others of us react quite differently, seeing in that scene a snapshot of the ageless human predicament: Hector's duty, his wife's tragedy, Troy's necessity, the baby's cry . . .

My reaction, of course, is the latter, not only because I am a romantic by nature, but because by the time I first read *The Iliad* I had lived in antiquity (and I am not referring to the lack of electricity or plumbing). I had lived in a self-contained culture, a prison culture I watched grow among men of goodwill under pressure. I knew what it was to be a human being who could be squashed like a bug without recourse to law, and I knew that the culture, the society, that preserved me had to be preserved or nobody had anything to cling to. I knew that civic virtue, the placing of the value of that society above one's personal interests, was not only admirable, it was crucial to self-respect, and I knew that to preserve that culture, sometimes symbolic battles had to be fought before all battles could start. I knew that obligations, particularly love and self-sacrifice, were the glue that made a man whole in this primitive element, and I knew that under the demands of these obligations being "reasonable" was a luxury that often could not be afforded.

I also knew during this prison existence that I was being shown something good—that life can have a spiritual content one can almost reach out and touch. I suppose it can always have that, but I was used to the idea of it being fuzzed up, powered, fluffed, and often ridiculed here in manmade modernity, where changing the world takes precedence over understanding it, understanding man himself.

The same message comes through in the writings of Fyodor Dostoyevski, Arthur Koestler, and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. They've been where I've been. So had Miguel Cervantes. This future author of "Don Quixote" was a young officer in the Spanish army taken prisoner after the Battle of Lepanto in the 16th century. He spent seven years in an Algiers political prison. Same story: "Confess your crimes," "Discredit yourself," "Disavow your roots." He was tortured to disavow Christianity; he could get amnesty and go home if he would disavow it. I was made much the same offer. I was to disavow "American Imperialism." Good boy, Cervantes, you hung in too. You knew how this age-old game is played. Political prisons are not just sources of fables of the past. They could just as easily inspire the literature of the future. Unable to tolerate dissent, totalitarian governments must have them. How else to suppress and discredit their enemies within?

You know, the life of the mind is a wonder—the life of the mind in solitude, the life of the mind in extremis, the life of the mind when the body's nervous system is under attack. If you want to break a man's spirit, and if your victim's will is strong, you've got to get physical. Sometimes you might think that you can unhang strong people with psychological mumbo jumbo. Sorry, there is no such thing as brainwashing. But even physical hammering will not alone change all hard-set attitudes. The real method to jellyfy those attitudes, that is, to extract those seemingly heartfelt "confes-

sions," is the artful and long-term imposition of fear and guilt. Solitary confinement and tourniquet-tight rope bindings are mere catalysts for the fear and guilt conditioning. Remember, I'm talking about strong-willed victims. They're going to make you hurt them. They know from experience that the compliance extracted by brute force is in no way so spiritually damaging as that given away on a mere threat. And they have learned from experience that in the end it is a spiritual battle. The leak in the dike starts from within.

How does the mind of the victim respond to these challenges? How did we respond in those North Vietnamese prisons? Realize the situation here: They've got man in a laboratory test that no university in the United States could set up. They're not going to leave him in a room just to fill out a bunch of questionnaires, or give him some innocuous maze to work his way out of. They're going to boil the essence out of him as a chemist would heat and pressurize a specimen to study its properties, its nature, in a laboratory. What is the nature of man? What surprises does human nature have in store under these conditions?

First, regarding the loneliness, the solitude: It's not as bad as you think. Don't forget, the time factor is stretched out way beyond most psychological experiments. There was a professor at Stanford who got national attention several years ago for locking some students in the basement of a library for a few days, and then writing a book about his observations of their behavior. I laughed when I read it. You don't know the first thing about a person until he has been in the cooler for a couple of months. He has to first go through the stage when he is preoccupied with going insane. That's a normal prelude without lasting significance. Figure on that phase lasting for the first three to four weeks. It ends when it suddenly dawns on him that he'll have no such luck; he's stuck with himself. Almost everybody then sets himself up in a ritualistic life. Something deep-seated in human nature likes, feels safe with, repetition—a time for this, and a time for that, repeated regularly every day. You get to thinking about how liturgies of worship must have gotten started in some prehistoric clan.

Your mind drifts to many anthropological questions. How do institutions and governments get started? Are they the product of a man on a white horse? Does some powerful person impose rule: "We gotta get organized; here are the tribe's rules; break 'em and I'll cave your skull in." I doubt it. When you're scared (and that's probably why people grouped into those first crude policies—fear of predators, human or otherwise), you don't feel the urge to take charge. And when you're expected to, by virtue of heredity in clan or tribe, or seniority, for sure, among military prisoners, on first contact you seem compelled to say something becoming a well-brought-up American boy, like: "In these circumstances when you are being threatened or tortured to do things that offend your very being, I can't bring myself to order you to do this or that. Everyone must have the autonomy to choose the best alternatives facing him. Do the best you can and God bless you."

How civilized and compassionate! But it will never sell. Those fine young people in trouble won't let you get away with that. Their response is sure to be something like this: "You have no right to piously tell us each to seek out the good, and then back

out of the picture. You are in charge here, and it's your duty to tell us what the good is. We deserve to sleep at night, feeling that at least we're doing something right in all hewing to what our leader says. We deserve the self-respect that comes with knowing we are resisting in an organized manner. We expect you to tell us to take torture before we comply with any of their demands. Give us the list!" There's nothing rational about such a reaction. Anybody could see that we probably weren't going to win the battle. But on the other hand, as the veteran prisoner Fyodor Dostoyevski aptly noted, "Man's most deep desires in the life under pressure are not for a rationally advantageous choice, but for an independent choice."

On the parade ground, all the rankers vie for leadership, to be out front; but in a political prison, being the boss means you're the first guy down the torture chute when the inevitable purge starts. In that place, the drive for discipline and organization starts at the bottom and works its way up. Maybe it always does when lives and reputations are at stake.

How about the handling of fear and guilt? Those are determining forces in any life. You can't accomplish anything without a little of both ("fear of failure" can keep you going once you get started), but if you let them out of control, they'll tear the very core out of your being.

Did I say a little guilt—a feeling of inadequacy with regard to your duties—was a good thing? Most modern psychiatrists would have us float around on a pink cloud of emotional tranquility, free of conscience's nagging, but you've got to have a goal if you're going for anything big. In Arthur Koestler's "Arrival and Departure," the brain of a restless young southeast European exile, who is determined to get back into the fighting of World War II, is given a spring house-cleaning by a female psychiatrist, who finds him hiding in Portugal in 1940. "What's eating him?" his friends all want to know. "He's seen enough war," they conclude. Predictably, the psychiatrist finds the problem in his past, a troubled childhood, and after clearing him of his hang-ups (she thinks), she awaits him on a ship with tickets that will take them both to a safe, carefree life in America. At that point he runs aboard the ship only to divulge the shocking news that he has just signed up with British Intelligence to be parachuted as an agent behind enemy lines. Old prisoner Koestler writes him a notable farewell speech: "The prosperity of the race is based on those who pay imaginary debts! Tear out the roots of their guilt and nothing will remain but the drifting sands of the desert."

There's power in feelings of guilt. Yet there's a devastation when it rises to such levels that it consumes you (remember, in your wartime prison cell you're waiting to be picked off by the first vulture to interrogate you), or when it creates self-delusion ("After all, I was tortured; maybe something came over me; my poor performance must not have really been my fault; I must have been broken or brainwashed"). Such rationalizations won't play well in the cold light of day when you're edging yourself out on the thin ice separating you from a nervous breakdown. And a nervous breakdown you cannot afford in this place. So there you are, wretched, about to sink into the Slough of Despond—bow first or stern first, depending on which crutch (consuming yourself or deluding yourself) you elect to use. Either will guarantee you the loss of your self-re-

spect; that being all you have left, you have to learn to just sit there in your solitude and throw away both crutches and heal yourself—there's no outside professional help available. You have to deal with guilt, eat it, if you will. You can learn to use its fire for what it was intended, a flame that cauterizes your will to make you stronger next time. Of all the challenges guilt brings in a political prisoner's life, working off the feeling of having brought harm to a fellow inmate is the most demanding.

Later, out in public, you have no recourse but to join in the inevitable discussion of your so-called "agony" in prison: "How was the food?" "Did you get any fresh air?" "Were you warm enough all the time?" "Did you have any feelings of friendship for your captors?" "How was the mail service?" But when you get one old political prisoner alone with another, they exchange tales of a quite different nature, of nervous exhaustion, uncontrollable sobbing in solitude, the wages of fear, and the feelings of inadequacy, of guilt. It doesn't do to discuss these matters with strangers; they put you down as some kind of wacko.

But believe it or not, as time wears on in solitary you get better at dealing with these matters. The ultimate accommodation with them comes from focusing intensely on leading a very, very clean and honest life, mentally and otherwise—and you find yourself being consumed in a strange, lasting, and unexpected high-mindedness. By this, I don't mean "joyfulness," and I particularly don't mean "optimism." (In "Man's Search for Meaning," Viktor Frankl makes the point that babbling optimists are the bane of existence of companions under stress. I totally agree with him—give me a pessimistic neighbor every time.) What I mean by the setting in of high-mindedness is the gradual erosion of natural selfishness among people of goodwill facing a common danger over time. The more intense the common danger, the quicker the "me-first" selfishness melts. In our situation, at about the two-year point, I believe most of us were thinking of that faceless friend next door—that sole point of contact we had with our civilization, that lovely intricate human thing we had never seen—in terms of love in the highest sense. By later comparing notes with others, I found I was not alone in becoming so noble and righteous in that solitude that I could hardly stand myself. People would willingly absorb physical punishment rather than let it fall to their comrades; questions arose in my mind about the validity of the much-talked-about instinct of self-preservation. Solzhenitsyn describes his feelings of high-mindedness in his Gulag writings in words like these:

"It was only when I lay there on the rotting prison straw that I sensed within myself the first stirrings of good. Gradually it was disclosed to me that the line separating good and evil passes not between states nor between classes nor between political parties but right through every human heart, through all human hearts. And that is why I turn back to the years of my imprisonment and say, sometimes to the astonishment of those about me, 'Thank you, prison, for having been in my life.'"

Was I a victim? Not when I became fully engaged, got into the life of unity with comrades, helping others, and being encouraged by them. So many times, I would find myself whispering to myself after an exhilaration wall-tap message exchange: "I am right where I belong; I am right where I was meant to be." In all honesty, I say to myself,

"What a wonderful life I have led." No two of us are the same, but to me the wonder of my life is in escaping the life Captain McWhirr had programmed for himself in Joseph Conrad's "Typhoon": "To go skimming over the years of existence to sink gently into a placid grave, ignorant of life to the last, without ever having been made to see all it may contain of perfidy, of violence, of terror." And the author adds, "There are on sea and land such men thus fortunate—or thus disdained—by destiny. . . ."

Phil Rhineland, my philosophy mentor at Stanford, died a short time ago. We were preparing a book together and consequently I was with him almost every day at the last. He sat up in his bed at home, surrounded by his books and papers, writing on a yellow legal pad, never mentioning the cancer in his liver which he knew would take him in a matter of weeks (he was nearly 80). One of the last things we talked about was our agreement on a point we had each separately stated publicly: "The challenge of education is not to prepare a person for success, but to prepare him for failure." It is in disaster, not success, that the heroes and the bums really get sorted out.

Always striving for true education is the best insurance against losing your bearings, your perspective, in the face of disaster, in the face of failure. I came home from prison to discover something I had forgotten; in my old Webster's collegiate dictionary I had pasted a quotation from Aristotle: "Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity." I had lived in the truth of that for all those years.

THE 45TH ANNIVERSARY OF REV. BISHOP ALFRED LEO ABRAMOWICZ

HON. WILLIAM O. LIPINSKI

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 13, 1988

Mr. LIPINSKI. Mr. Speaker, I would like to take this opportunity to draw my colleagues attention to the tremendous record of accomplishment of the most Rev. Bishop Alfred Leo Abramowicz of the archdiocese of Chicago. Bishop Abramowicz will be celebrating his 45th anniversary as a priest this November. He has touched the hearts and souls of a generation of young Chicagoans and is truly a Chicago institution.

Bishop Abramowicz was born in Chicago and has dedicated his life to service in his hometown. Ordained as a priest in 1943, his distinguished career began as an associate pastor at Immaculate Conception DVM parish in south Chicago. From there he moved up the ranks within the Chicago archdiocese.

I am particularly pleased to relate Bishop Abramowicz' work directed toward the people of Eastern Europe. In 1960, he was appointed Executive Director of the Catholic League for Religious Assistance to Poland. He also served on the National Committee of the "National Czesochowa Trust Appeal." Bishop Abramowicz applied his expertise and knowledge to a myriad of world affairs. His work on these commissions is a point of pride to the many immigrants and their children which live in the Chicago area.

My own memories of the bishop include his confirmation of my two children at St. Sym-

phorosa Church. With vigor and spiritual energy, he instilled in Chicago's youth a sense of morality and a willingness to work toward a better world.

Again, I congratulate the bishop and wish him and his entire congregation in Chicago, particularly at Five Holy Martyrs Church, a successful anniversary celebration and many more years of service. Thank you Bishop Abramowicz.

SUPPORTING THE EFFORTS OF MILLIONS OF AMERICANS WHO SERVE AS VOLUNTEERS IN OUR NATION'S SCHOOLS

HON. CHESTER G. ATKINS

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 13, 1988

Mr. ATKINS. Mr. Speaker, today, with Congressman JEFFORDS, I introduced the Business and Citizen School Volunteers of America Act of 1988. This legislation will establish a "National Center for Leadership in School Volunteer and Partnership Programs" which will assist schools in organizing, promoting, training, and utilizing volunteers in our schools. It will also provide incentives for State and local educational entities to create school volunteer programs that focus on using older Americans as volunteers, facilitate the transfer of high technology knowledge to our students, and create or expand programs that prevent school dropouts and drug and alcohol abuse.

Last year, 4,300,000 people in our Nation's schools were not students or teachers or administrators—they were school volunteers. Collectively, these volunteers contributed over 1 billion dollars' worth of instructionally related time to enhance learning opportunities for our school children.

School volunteers are not used as replacements for teachers, but, work under the supervision of the principal and classroom teacher in order to provide specific and requested services. Volunteer services include teaching conversational foreign languages to native English speaking students; organizing and operating computer labs; assisting in math and reading labs, guidance offices, libraries and media centers; and tutoring students on a one-to-one basis.

Volunteers have served in our Nation's schools for over 20 years and during all this time no Federal dollars have been spent to support these efforts. A 1982 survey found that volunteers were used in over 88 percent of our elementary schools and 60 percent of our secondary schools. Now, I believe that it is time to commit a small amount of Federal dollars to assist local schools maximize their use of school volunteers.

I urge my colleagues to join me in supporting school voluntarism in their districts by co-sponsoring this cost-effective educational effort.

REMEMBERING DAVID WILENTZ

HON. PETER W. RODINO, JR.

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 13, 1988

Mr. RODINO. Mr. Speaker, it was with much sadness that I learned of the death of David Wilentz who was a distinguished attorney, a widely respected politician and a stalwart of the Democratic Party and its leading patriarch. New Jersey has lost one of its leading citizens and I have lost a good and much valued friend.

David's story is really the story of America. Born in Lithuania in 1894, his parents brought him to this country the following year and settled in Perth Amboy—a city David would love and serve for the rest of his life. After graduating from high school, he worked and commuted to night classes at New York Law School. He then began a stellar career in both law and politics as the city attorney for Perth Amboy. He went on to become New Jersey's Attorney General, receiving national attention as the chief prosecutor in the Lindbergh kidnapping case, and served an unparalleled 50 years as chairman of the Middlesex County Democratic Party.

What I will remember about David Wilentz was his unwavering commitment to justice and his unflagging devotion to public service—a family tradition that has been carried on by his son Robert, the distinguished chief justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court. By recognizing that the Democratic Party was a party of people, David Wilentz strengthened it and became one of its most respected leaders. As a consummate politician, he was the trusted friend and adviser of Governors and Presidents who sought his counsel and the benefits of his wisdom. With his unquenchable zest for life, David never stopped looking for new horizons and new challenges.

I want to extend my deepest sympathy to David's wife Lena, his sons Warren and Robert, and his daughter Norma. All the citizens of New Jersey share their sense of loss.

Mr. Speaker, with your permission, I would like to include in my remarks the following articles from the Star Ledger which pay tribute to the career and legacy of David Wilentz.

[From the Perth Amboy (NJ) Star-Ledger, July 7, 1988]

DAVID WILENTZ DIES—DEM CHIEF, LINDBERGH PROSECUTOR WAS 93

(By David Wald)

David T. Wilentz a powerful Democratic Party leader in New Jersey for half a century and the man who rose to prominence as the attorney general who sent Bruno Richard Hauptmann, kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby, to the electric chair, died yesterday at his summer home in Long Branch. He was 93.

Wilentz, father of New Jersey Supreme Court Chief Justice Robert Wilentz, was the leader of Middlesex County Democrats for 50 years, exercising enormous public and private influence on state legislative and gubernatorial politics.

His support was crucial in the nomination and election of New Jersey's last three Democratic governors—Robert Meyner, Richard Hughes and Brendan Byrne.

"New Jersey has lost an able lawyer, a consummate politician and a great Democrat," Meyner said yesterday from his home in Florida.

Hughes, who was also chief justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court said, "I learned with sadness of the death of Dave Wilentz. He was one of the great New Jerseyans and also my dear friend."

Byrne said, "I feel a genuine personal loss in the death of General Wilentz. Although he will be remembered primarily as the prosecutor in the Lindbergh case, he was for over a generation the most influential Democrat in the state."

"As a lawyer and a political leader, he was indeed a giant among men. We will not see his likes again," Byrne said.

Gov. Thomas Kean said Wilentz's death "marks the passing of a figure and personality of near legendary proportions."

"He was a dynamic individual who channeled his abundant energies into serving his community and his state in whatever way he could and to the very best of his considerable talent and ability."

U.S. Sen. Bill Bradley (D-N.J.) said Wilentz's political wisdom was "legendary in New Jersey for over 50 years. He was the consummate public-spirited citizen—intelligent, involved and caring."

Wilentz died "peacefully in his sleep," according to a family spokesman.

Funeral services are scheduled for 2 p.m. today at Temple Beth Mordecai, 224 High St., Perth Amboy.

Wilentz is survived by his wife, Lena; sons Robert and Warner; daughter, Norma Hess; eight grandchildren; five great-grandchildren and a sister, Ada Trynin.

Wilentz was the founder of one of the state's largest law firms, Woodbridge-based Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer.

Wilentz was attorney general from 1934 to 1944, personally handling the prosecution at the sensational 1935 Lindbergh kidnapping trial, which brought hundreds of reporters daily to the Hunterdon County Courthouse in Flemington.

He won national and worldwide attention for his courtroom flair, building a circumstantial case against the Bronx house painter Bruno Richard Hauptmann, whom Wilentz decried as "Public Enemy No. 1, an animal lower than the lowest form." Hauptmann was executed in 1936 for the March 1932 kidnapping and murder of aviator Charles Lindbergh's 20-month-old son.

Wilentz's death came hours after a federal appeals court in Philadelphia rejected another effort of Hauptmann's widow, Anna, to clear her husband's name.

Wilentz had won the attorney general's job because of his success in the political arena, building from weakness to enormous strength a Democratic political organization that would hold every Middlesex County and legislative position without serious challenge for 38 years.

Wilentz's then-emerging influence in state politics led the legendary Hudson County Democratic boss, Frank Hague, to recommend to Jersey City-bred Gov. A. Harry Moore that Wilentz be his attorney general. Moore twice appointed Wilentz to five-year terms.

Wilentz was once described as Frank Hague's principal ally outside of Hudson County, but Wilentz's power lasted well beyond the downfall of Hague in Jersey City.

David Theodore Wilentz was born Dec. 21, 1894, in Dwinsk, Latvia. When he was two years old, his parents immigrated to Perth

Amboy where his father, Nathan, bought a tobacco wholesale business.

While in college, Wilentz worked part-time as a reporter for Middlesex County newspapers and was graduated from New York Law School in 1917.

In 1921, Wilentz, together with a high school friend, began his political career in Perth Amboy, guiding Democratic candidates to council victories a year later. His behind-the-scenes political managing skills were developed early, and in 1923 the first Democrat was elected a freeholder in Middlesex County.

A few years later, the Democrats swept every office available, and from 1929 until 1967 no Republican was elected to a legislative or county office in Middlesex, making the central Jersey county second only to Hudson in terms of strength in the state.

Among his longtime political allies were former Rep. Edward Patton, a congressman for 18 years from Perth Amboy and Perth Amboy Mayor George Otowski.

"I regarded him as my mentor, my teacher and a dear friend," Otowski, 76, said yesterday. "He had a very simple philosophy: To do right by the public. The basic lesson I learned from him was if you do the right thing, don't be afraid of anything."

Patton, 82, who retired from Congress in 1980, said, "I'm proud of him. I'm proud of all the help he gave me, and I'll miss him."

In 1933, with Wilentz's leadership, Patton at the age of 28, became the youngest mayor in Perth Amboy's history.

Patton recalled that he once confided in Wilentz that his ambition was always to be a judge. Instead, the 15th Congressional District was created in 1960 as New Jersey's population grew, and Wilentz ensured Patton's election as a congressman.

Bernard Dwyer, another Perth Amboy native who succeeded Patton in Congress, said Wilentz was "one of the great civic and political leaders of our times."

Republican gubernatorial and presidential landslides in recent years have cut into Democratic strength in the county, and the building boom in the southern portion of the county has brought in young, affluent and independent voters. But Democrats continue their lock on county offices.

Nicholas Venezia, a Woodbridge lawyer who has been the Democratic organization leader in Middlesex since 1973, said, "One of the things he taught me was compromise, bringing people together, satisfying competing groups."

The Middlesex County base that Wilentz controlled made him a major figure among the small circle of influential Democrats who determined the party's candidates for governor and U.S. Senate.

Rarely was a story written about Wilentz without describing him as dapper, and noting an immaculate wardrobe and an expensive cigar.

A well-told tale regarding Wilentz is the advice he gave Hughes when Hughes was picked to run for governor in 1961. Wilentz counseled Hughes to trade in his blue suit and brown shoes.

Hughes recalled yesterday it was Wilentz who approached him to run for governor.

"I was dining peacefully with my family when Dave Wilentz, on behalf of a group which my beloved late law partner, Thorn Lord, called the bad boys, asked me if I would run for governor. I answered: Of course not, because it would cost me a whole lot of money and because it would be impossible to defeat the Republican candidate, former U.S. Labor Secretary Jim Mitchell.

"Dave asked me to think it over for a week. When he called back, I told him I had decided to run."

Lord was the Mercer County Democratic organization chairman at the time and a member of Wilentz's inner circle. Hughes went into private law practice after retiring as a judge of the Superior Court.

Wilentz kept his organization humming with lawyer-like skill: He reasoned, he flattered, he was immodest, he rose in anger. He had jobs to hand out because his party controlled the county courthouse and sometimes the Statehouse. He formally retired as Middlesex County Democratic chairman in 1969, but he was a well-consulted adviser through the 1970s.

Former Assembly Speaker Alan Karcher, 45, who grew up in Sayreville, said Wilentz was the dominant political person "in my family's life. Any discussion of politics never happened without discussing what Wilentz was doing. He was a colossus."

"I found him delightful. He was a man of great charm and great wit and great intelligence," Karcher said. "He taught me the greatest lesson I ever learned in politics: Home base is home base. You can go as far as you want to go but once you start to ignore your own base, there's sure disaster for you."

"He also said if you're a candidate for office, don't waste your time. Even on Election Day. He would tell us to stand outside our own polling place. Say hello to your own neighbors and friends."

Karcher's late father, Joseph, was on Wilentz's first successful legislative ticket in 1929.

But Wilentz would not support Alan Karcher when he first sought an Assembly seat in 1969. "He thought I was too young. My father was 25 when he got elected. In the old days, Wilentz didn't care how old you were."

Wilentz's eldest son, Warren, was the Middlesex County prosecutor and an unsuccessful candidate for U.S. Senate in 1966.

His daughter, Norma, married Leon Hess, principal owner of the New York Jets and the chairman of Amerasia Hess. Wilentz was a director of the company.

His youngest son, Robert, was a two-term assemblyman from 1965 to 1969, establishing a liberal Democratic track record noted for its independence from his father's powerful political influence. Robert was nominated by Gov. Byrne to be chief justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court in 1979, succeeding former Gov. Hughes, who was chief justice from 1973.

Gov. Kean renominated Wilentz in 1986.

Gov. Meyner recalled that Wilentz had mixed feelings about his son becoming chief justice. "He had built up this terrific law firm. It was his joy to see Bob run that office. He felt badly he couldn't keep him in there."

[From the Perth Amboy (NJ) Star-Ledger, July 8, 1988]

POLITICAL ELITE BID A FAREWELL TO WILENTZ (By David Wald)

Former Attorney General David T. Wilentz was remembered yesterday as a consummate politician, skilled trial attorney, inveterate horse player and loving husband, father and grandparent in funeral services in Perth Amboy.

More than 800 people attended the services for Wilentz at Temple Beth Mordecai, just a block from City Hall in Perth Amboy where Wilentz began a powerful political career that spanned more than a half century,

influencing local, county, state and national politics.

Wilentz died Wednesday in his summer home in Long Branch. He was 93. He was best known for his prosecution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann in 1934 for the murder and kidnaping of the 20-month-old son of aviator Charles Lindbergh.

New Jersey Supreme Court Chief Justice Robert Wilentz and his brother Warren, a former Middlesex County prosecutor, eulogized their father, as did four of Wilentz's eight grandchildren. Morris Brown, a partner in the law firm Wilentz founded in Perth Amboy and later moved to Woodbridge, also spoke about Wilentz.

Mourners included Gov. Thomas Kean, former Govs. Brendan Byrne, William Cahill and Richard Hughes, U.S. Sen. Bill Bradley and former U.S. Sen. Harrison Williams, Rep. Bernard Dwyer and former Rep. Edward Patten, judges, scores of legislators, freeholders, municipal officials, and neighbors from Perth Amboy, where he lived for 88 years.

"My father had three loves," said Robert Wilentz. "Aside from his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, and putting aside his horses and craps. The real loves were his wife (Lena), his work and Perth Amboy. He knew every street and corner of this city and at one time every person."

The 50-minute funeral service for Wilentz was somber but filled with warm remembrances about Wilentz's political and legal skills, his dapper manner of dress, and his personal charm.

Rabbi Hillel Rudavsky, who conducted the services, said, "This is a time when we weep and laugh simultaneously. We had the tears today. We had the laughter today."

Newark Archbishop Theodore McCarrick, who was the founding bishop of the Diocese of Metuchen in Middlesex County, also participated in the services, reading the 23d Psalm. "It is an extraordinary privilege reading a psalm of David for our extraordinary friend David Wilentz," McCarrick said.

Wilentz received a final salute from a State Police honor guard as his polished mahogany coffin, draped with an American flag, left the synagogue. Burial was in Beth Israel Cemetery in Woodbridge.

"The patriarch has died," said former Gov. Cahill. "I recognized him as one of New Jersey's outstanding citizens during my lifetime. I think it's a great loss to the state."

"I thought he was immortal," said Byrne. "There's always been a Dave Wilentz as long as I've been around politics. He was always somebody to give you the pulse of the people."

Hughes, who was asked to run for governor in 1961 by Wilentz, said Wilentz's political power could never be duplicated. "He helped me pass legislation that was pretty ticklish. Dave would put the arm on his delegation and they all would vote for it. You can't do things like that now. Power is all split up."

Williams, a four-term senator until convicted in the early 1980s on bribery charges relating to the FBI's undercover sting operation known as Abscam, said, "All the way through my career he was my sparkplug." Wilentz helped him win his Senate nomination the first time, just two years after he had lost his congressional seat.

"He was an inspiration. His advice was always the wisest," said Williams, now a labor union consultant.

Chief Justice Wilentz, who was appointed to the Supreme Court by Byrne and reappointed by Kean, said, "My father would have been pleased so many of his friends are here."

"He respected people in public office. He knew what it took to get there and stay there," said Robert Wilentz.

The chief justice said his father's death could be viewed as the passing of a period when "one man can have so much influence and power." But more than that, he said, his father was a rare person. "It would have been rare at any time at any place to find such a man. God was kind to him and we are grateful."

Warren Wilentz recalled his father as a "trial lawyer par excellence," and noted fondly, "Before there was a Gentelman's Quarterly, my father knew how to dress with style, grace and panache."

He said his father's 40 years at Monmouth Park Racetrack in Oceanport was recognized when a room was named after him. "But I'm not sure whether he said, 'After 40 years I deserved it,' or, 'after 40 years, I paid for it.'"

Granddaughter Connie Hess Williams, who is the daughter of Wilentz's daughter Norma and Leon Hess, the oil company founder and principal owner of the football Jets, said her love of politics today was from her grandfather's. "I don't know whether the love for politics is inherited or inhaled through cigar smoke, but I got it. Grandpa was the best. The consummate politician. He could work the crowd better than anyone elected."

Morris Brown, a partner at Wilentz, Goldman & Spitzer, said, "He left us with a great legacy. A love of the law, a passion for justice and a desire to serve."

STEAMTOWN NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE SUMMER PROGRAM

HON. JOSEPH M. McDADE

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 13, 1988

Mr. McDADE. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to bring to the attention of my colleagues the opening on July 1 of the 1988 Summer Interpretive Program for the Steamtown National Historic Site in Scranton, PA.

Steamtown, which commemorates the era of American steam railroading, was created less than 2 years ago by Congress as the result of legislation I introduced. Since that time, much planning has been done by the Park Service and the Scranton community in order to ensure that Steamtown reaches its full potential for bringing to life the important story of American railroading.

I am happy to report that some of the planning has progressed to the initial implementation stages. The summertime Steamtown rail yard tours and railbus ride have generated considerable public interest with over 4,600 persons participating in the Park Service program during its first 10 days. The reaction has been highly favorable, and Steamtown should become even more interesting and an even greater public attraction as the project is further developed.

At July 1 ceremonies in Scranton to introduce the start of the summer program, National Park Service Director Denis Galvin outlined

the planning process and provided a look into the future direction of Steamtown, including a linkage with the many other resources in the Scranton area.

I look forward to working with Mr. Galvin, other Park Service officials, the people of Scranton, and my colleagues in Congress toward the development of a national historic park that will preserve our Nation's railroading heritage and provide for the education and enjoyment of current and future generations of Americans.

Excerpts from Denis Galvin's remarks are printed below:

REMARKS FOR DEPUTY DIRECTOR DENIS GALVIN AT CEREMONIES INTRODUCING THE 1988 SUMMER INTERPRETIVE PROGRAM FOR STEAMTOWN NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE, JULY 1, 1988

I'm glad to be in Scranton once again to share this day with you and to share the platform with these two able gentlemen.

Congressman McDade, I know you are as grateful, as I am to be able to open the gates of this railroad park to the public—even if we're opening them only a little way. As I'm sure you are all aware, it was Congressman McDade's legislation that made Steamtown National Historic Site a reality. We have other railway sites in the Park System—Golden Spike National Historic Site in Utah where the first transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869; Allegheny Portage National Historic Site near Altoona where they hauled canal boats over the Allegheny Mountains; and New River Gorge National River in West Virginia where a major railroad runs the length of the park area. But here at Steamtown we will show a broad scale and exciting story of the era of steam railroading and how the railroad helped bring about the industrialization of the country.

At any new park area, a lot of plans have to be drawn up before you get around to pouring concrete and laying bricks. We do that so we know where we're going before we start out. And that is where we are at Steamtown right now.

I know some of you may get a little impatient with the extent of this planning process but the results will start to become evident shortly. As you know, a comprehensive management plan for the park was completed this past April. The public meetings that were held in Scranton gave our planners a lot of good input—we feel that public involvement like this gives us a stronger plan and makes all of you a part of the process. It is this management plan which establishes the boundary for the area, sets down the park's mission and outlines the facilities and equipment we will need to meet that mission.

Within a few weeks we will invite the public again to take part. This will be on a "development concept plan" for the park—a plan that will set down how visitors will arrive, what they will see, how the story will be told, and how the locomotives and cars will be displayed. I think you'll find it to be an exciting plan. So when the meeting is announced, come out and let our planners show you what they've done.

Other planning efforts are going on as well. A team from our Denver Service Center will soon complete an economic and marketing study of the rail line between Scranton and Delaware Water Gap. This will give us a handle on whether it's economically feasible to run an excursion train along the line. If it proves to be cost effective,

we would then do a further study on how the excursion should be organized and run.

Our planners from Philadelphia have put together a task force of Federal, State, county and city officials who will counsel together on how to link Steamtown with the Lackawanna mine tour at McDade Park, the Scranton Iron Furnaces State Park along Cedar Avenue, Noy Aug Park, recreational sites along the Lackawanna River, the proposed Lackawanna Avenue Mall and a proposed downtown arena-convention center complex. The idea is to take a broad look at all of the resources in the area, then work out a way to link as many of them as possible.

Our planners are also lending technical assistance to draw up a master plan for the Noy Aug City Park, to try to bring this park back to the natural attraction it used to be. And they are working with a dynamic conservation group to preserve the Lackawanna River banks and improve the recreational opportunities for everyone along the river.

So consider today a preview of the Steamtown of the future. The plans are on the drawing boards and you'll see the results in the not-too-distant future.

MARK FALVO, OUTSTANDING CITIZEN

HON. WILLIAM F. CLINGER, JR.

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 13, 1988

Mr. CLINGER. Mr. Speaker, I would like to recognize and honor Mark Falvo, an outstanding citizen of my district. Mr. Falvo, represents the type of individual whose devotion and commitment to justice inspires us all. His hardwork and dedication has led to the end of a nationwide search of an escaped murderer and his accomplice.

Mark Falvo began work on the case of Jon Yount and his accomplice, Diane Brodbeck, in July 1987. While working as an intern for the district attorney in Clearfield, PA, Mark played a significant role in the capture of this felon who escaped from prison in April 1986. After leaving the intern position, he continued researching the case and was hired as a detective for Clearfield County. As a senior in law school, he continued to spend about 5 hours a day researching this case. When the new district attorney was unable to continue Mark's funding, this young man's drive for justice was not deterred; he continue his work with his own money.

Mark worked directly with the Pennsylvania State police and the FBI office in State College. He compiled and reviewed information, such as Social Security, telephone and bank records.

In the fall of 1987 Mark suggested the case be aired on the television show "Unsolved Mysteries." Police and FBI agents had received several leads on the case since the escape, but not until the broadcast of "Unsolved Mysteries" did the FBI receive a tip to Brodbeck's whereabouts.

A few weeks after the show the FBI was able to apprehend Yount and Brodbeck. After almost a year of dedication and commitment to the case, Mark Falvo succeeded in helping to close this case: Yount and Brodbeck were

apprehended on Wednesday, June 15, 1988. Mark deserves the praise of a grateful State for his role in the apprehension of these two criminals.

I am proud to be the representative of such a worthy constituent and I commend him for his efforts.

ENERGY AND ANWR

HON. DON YOUNG

OF ALASKA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, July 13, 1988

Mr. YOUNG of Alaska. Mr. Speaker, many of our colleagues are aware of our energy dependence upon other nations, and the fact that the picture is not looking any brighter for the foreseeable future. Nevertheless, legislation before the Congress to open to environmentally sound oil and gas leasing in the Coastal Plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in my District—the State of Alaska—is the bright spot in terms of responding to this growing international threat. Today I submit for the RECORD an article from the Springfield, IL, State Journal-Register, which underscores the need for prompt action by the Congress on this subject. Because of the vast support nationwide for this legislation, I will do this daily.

The article follows:

[From the State Journal-Register (Springfield, IL), Dec. 16, 1986]

COMPLACENCY OVER OIL COULD PROVE COSTLY

During recent weeks, America's dependence on foreign oil has accelerated dramatically, but policymakers in Washington and consumers awash in cheap fuel are behaving as though there were no tomorrow. Nevertheless, a frightening profile of tomorrow emerges from the petroleum industry's latest data. They presage a return to the disastrous "oil shocks" of the 1970s, which nearly wrecked the economies of the Western world.

Domestic oil production this year is falling below 1985 levels, the first annual decline during this decade. Meantime, U.S. demand for oil is rising by 2.5 percent this year. The inevitable consequence of rising consumption and falling production is a jump in imports of crude oil and petroleum products—up 25 percent during the last year alone.

America's dependence on supplies from the volatile Persian Gulf region has nearly tripled in the same period, from 5 percent to 13 percent of total imports.

The longer-term trends are equally bleak. Drilling for new oil in this country has dropped 62 percent below that of a year ago. Spending on exploration and production by U.S. companies has fallen to \$22 billion this year, compared with \$30 billion in 1985. The number of operating oil rigs in the United States has dropped from 1,962 last year to 954 today.

The singular cause of these ominous developments is the plunge in world prices. From a high of \$34 a barrel in 1981, crude oil prices fell last summer to below \$10, a seven-year low, before stabilizing at the current \$15. American production is especially vulnerable to such low prices, because most foreign sources can pump petroleum far more cheaply and still profit.

Industry analysts believe a floor of \$22 a barrel is necessary to assure healthy profits for U.S. producers. In other words, U.S. oil companies simply cannot compete with the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in today's market.

Against this backdrop, OPEC ministers convened last week in Geneva to attempt a general agreement on production cutbacks intended to drive up the price to \$18 a barrel. The cartel has at its disposal today the means to boost world prices.

How long before the oil giant reawakens depends on several factors, but if the United States, and other consuming nations fail to reverse the current trends, OPEC's revival will come sooner rather than later.

Ironically, the disclosure of secret U.S. weapons sales to Iran has strengthened Tehran's hand against its rival, Saudi Arabia, because Iran is viewed throughout the oil-rich Middle East as having outsmarted Washington.

All of these considerations bear on a crucial decision awaiting Congress when it returns in January: Whether to permit oil drilling in a corner of Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. The region is believed to hold reserves of up to 30 billion barrels of petroleum. If rigorous environmental controls are enforced, the new Arctic field could be developed without unacceptable harm to the environment.

Amid the current complacency about this country's rising dependency on foreign suppliers, we would be wise to heed the warning of Interior Secretary Donald P. Hodel, who recently declared that it's only a matter of time before OPEC is "back in the driver's seat."

SENATE COMMITTEE MEETINGS

Title IV of Senate Resolution 4, agreed to by the Senate on February 4, 1977, calls for establishment of a system for a computerized schedule of all meetings and hearings of Senate committees, subcommittees, joint committees, and committees of conference. This title requires all such committees to notify the Office of the Senate Daily Digest—designated by the Rules Committee—of the time, place, and purpose of the meetings, when scheduled, and any cancellations or changes in the meetings as they occur.

As an additional procedure along with the computerization of this information, the Office of the Senate Daily Digest will prepare this information for printing in the Extensions of Remarks section of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD on Monday and Wednesday of each week.

Any changes in committee scheduling will be indicated by placement of an asterisk to the left of the name of the unit conducting such meetings.

Meetings scheduled for Thursday, July 14, 1988, may be found in the Daily Digest of today's RECORD.

MEETINGS SCHEDULED

JULY 25

2:00 p.m.

Energy and Natural Resources

Public Lands, National Parks and Forests Subcommittee

To hold joint hearings with the Select Committee on Indian Affairs on S. 2420, to provide for the disposition of certain lands in Arizona under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior by means of an exchange of lands.

SR-485

Select on Indian Affairs

To hold joint hearings with the Committee on Energy and Natural Resources' Subcommittee on Public Lands, National Parks and Forests on S. 2420, to provide for the disposition of certain lands in Arizona under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior by means of an exchange of lands.

SR-485

JULY 26

9:30 a.m.

Energy and Natural Resources

Public Lands, National Parks and Forests Subcommittee

To hold hearings on S. 2148, to designate specified river segments in Oregon as scenic, wild, or recreational rivers.

SD-366

2:00 p.m.

Energy and Natural Resources

Public Lands, National Parks and Forests Subcommittee

To hold hearings on S. 2148, Omnibus Oregon Wild and Scenic Rivers Act.

SD-366

JULY 27

9:30 a.m.

Governmental Affairs

Oversight of Government Management Subcommittee

To hold oversight hearings to review the Department of Defense safety program for chemical and biological warfare research.

SD-342

JULY 28

9:30 a.m.

Governmental Affairs

Oversight of Government Management Subcommittee

To continue oversight hearings to review the Department of Defense safety program for chemical and biological warfare research.

SD-342

JULY 29

9:30 a.m.

Select on Indian Affairs

To resume hearings on S. 187, to provide for the protection of Native American rights for the remains of their dead and sacred artifacts, and for the creation of Native American cultural museums.

SR-385

AUGUST 2

9:00 a.m.

Commerce, Science, and Transportation Communications Subcommittee

To hold hearings on S. 2044, to require further review by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to ensure thorough deliberation on proposed changes in the method of regulation of interstate basic service rates, and to review FCC price cap proceedings.

SR-253

10:00 a.m.

Environment and Public Works

Environmental Protection Subcommittee

Business meeting, to mark up S. 2272, to authorize funds for fiscal years 1989 and 1990 for the Fish and Wildlife Conservation Act of 1980, S. 2384, to authorize funds for fiscal years 1989 through 1991 for the Atlantic Striped Bass Conservation Act, and other related measures.

SD-406

AUGUST 10

9:30 a.m.

Commerce, Science, and Transportation Consumer Subcommittee

To hold hearings on S. 2047, to require health warning labels on containers of alcoholic beverages.

SR-253

AUGUST 11

9:00 a.m.

Veterans' Affairs

To hold oversight hearings to review certain veterans health care programs.

SH-216

SEPTEMBER 20

9:30 a.m.

Commerce, Science, and Transportation

Foreign Commerce and Tourism Subcommittee

To hold oversight hearings to review the U.S. and foreign commercial service.

SR-253

POSTPONEMENTS

JULY 14

9:30 a.m.

Agriculture, Nutrition, and Forestry Agricultural Credit Subcommittee

To resume oversight hearings on the implementation of the Agricultural Credit Act (P.L. 100-233).

SR-332